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A ryght pleasaunt and merye Historie, of the Mylner of Abyngton, with his Vlife, and his fayre Daughter: and of two poore scholers of Cambridge.

Wherevnto is adioyned another merye Jest, of a Sargeaunt that woulde haue learned to be a Fryar.

By A. B. of Phisicke Doct.

Imprinted at London, by Rycharde Jhones.

4° C. 39 Art Seld (11) 241
8 Selden d. 46 (11)

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A verie merie Historie, of the Miller of Abington.

FAyre Lordings if you list to heere
A mery Jest your mindes to cheere,
Then hacken to this mery tale
Was neuer meryer set to sale
At Abyngton it so befell
Therby a widowe late did dwell
She had two sonnes that she loued well
For father had they none
At Cambridge are they set I wene
Fiue mile is them bytwene
Their spendinge was full mene,
To the scole there did they go
Some learning for to get you knowe
By good mens helpe they were kept so
Other finding none they had
This life longe they ledde
The mother founde them at borde and bedde
And by these meanes were they fedde
More than seuen yere
Their mother then vpon a daie
To Cambridge she tooke the waie
And to hir sonnes gan she saie
With a heuy chere
Sonnes I will be here anone
And than I wot ye will come home

But corne nor bread can I get none,
The countrey is so deere.
Mother then they sayd anone
we will into the countrey gone
To good men and make our mone
If wee may any thinge get,
So longe they went from towne to towne
In the countrey vp and downe
That they gate in short season
A large met of wheate
Than anone when they it had
Unto their mother they it lad
And she therof was full glad
But longe they ne let
But at their neyghbours house on the morne
They borowed a horse to cary their corne
To the mille them before
For nothing wolde they let
The mylner was ioly in his workes all
He had a doughter fayre and small
The clerke of the towne loued her aboue all
Jankyn was his name
The mylner was so trewe and sele
Of each mannes corne wolde he steale
More than his Toledish by a deale
He let for no shame
He was so subtyll and so slye
He wolde it take before their eye
And make them a proper lye
And put himselfe out of blame:

To the mylner they were sande
In the mylle daye dyd he stande
They tied their horse with a bande
They had harde of his name
That one clerke to that other sware
Of the theefe we wyll be ware
Haue he neuer so mykell care
Of our corne getteth he but small
Though he go out of his wyt
Thou shalte by the spoute syt
Tyll the poke faste be knyt
And the meale in all
Though he be neuer so wo
And I wyl vp vnto the stones go
And he begyle vs both the two
Foule might him befall:
The corne vp the Mylner wan
And than the clerke fast vp ran
By the stones styll stode he than
Tyll it was grounde infere
The mylners house is nere
Not the length of a lande
In a baley can it stande
Two myle from Abyngton
In his herte had he care
For the clerkes were so ware
He myght not do as he wold are
But to his sonne gan ronne
Boy loke thou let for no drede
The clerkes horse home thou lede
Also faste as thou may spede
Or the meale be done

Behinde my backhouse doze him set
Foz they shall fayle of their men
Tho the poke fast be knet
I sweare by my crowne
The litell boye stint nought
Till the hozse was home brought
Thereof wiste the clerkes nought
Fozsothe as I you saie
The clerkes their meale vp hent
And out at the doze they went
Alas they said we be shent
By god than the milner sware
Than get you him no mare
Foz some theefe was of him ware
And hath had him away
The one clerke sayd to the other
Go we leke hym selfe brother
Thou one way and I another
Finde him if we maie.
But euer they drede of the meale
That the milner wolde therof steale
The poke they bounde, and set on a seale
And their hozse than sought they.
The mylner laughed them to scozne
And great othes hath he swozne
If he might haue none of their cozne
He wolde haue of their meale,
His daughter to the mille can fare
And his diner to him bare
And also faste he tolde hir yare
All euery deale:

Howe

How two clerkes in the morne
Brought with them a met of corne
And euer they warned mee before
That I shoulde none steale
But do now doughter as I thee saie
Go set mee a shete I the pray
And in faithe I will do saie
To get of the meale
For nothinge wolde let
On a whyte shete he it set
And moche floure he out bet
And hole was the seale
With two staues in the floure
They dange theron whyles they myght doure
Till they had a pecke of floure
Forsothe as I you say
They gathered it vp than anone
And put it in a poke full soone
And bade his daughter beare it home
Euen the ryght way
Then the clerkes had mykell thought
For their horse they sought
That they him finde might nought,
Of all that longe day
And whan the night drewe nere
At the mylle they met in fere
And bothe they made a simple chere
For their goodly hackeny
That one clerke sayd by god of might
Me thinke our poke is waxen light
I thinke it be not all a ryght

That lyketh mee full yll
My heed therto dare I lay
That he hath stolen some away
That other clarke sayd nay nay,
The seale standeth on syll;
They both did to the mylner say
Herberowe vs to night we thee pray
And we wyll therfore well pay
What so euer thou wyll
For we dare not to the towne gone
Tyll we bring our horse home
If we do by swete saynte John
We mon like it yll
The mylner sayd by goddes might
I shall harborowe you to night
And your supper shall be dight
Right well if wee may
There they bare their meale bitwene them two
And home with the mylner dyd they go
His wife welcomed them tho
So dyd his doughter gay
Aboute a fyre they were set
And good ale was there fet
And therwith they their mouthes wet
And soone souped they
At their supper as they made them glad
That one clerke nyce countenaunce made
And priuely on the maidens foote he treade
And she tourned awaie
When they had eaten and made them glad
The Milner his daughter bade

Soone

Soone that a bed were made
Also fast as you maie,
And make it by the side binke
That the clarkes may therein winke
And slepe till it be daie:
For I will to my bedde win
And if you here any din
It is my man dothe come in
Forsothe as I you saie,
For he is in the towne at his warke
Whan he dothe come in the hounde will bark
This ment the milner by the clarke
That helde his daughter gay
By one side the clarke lay
By the other side his wife and he I saie
And for his doughter so gay
In other bedde was dyght,
In a chamber as I weene
Was a wall them betweene
And a cake she made so clene
Thereof the clarkes had a sight:
Of their owne meale it was
Hir lemman befell suche a case
Herken sirs howe it was
That he might not come that night,
For to a faire was there beside
On his maisters grande for to ride
Erly in the morowe tide
Before any day light.
This one clarke styll he lay
And thought on this Damosell gay
And to his brother can he saie

What is mee best to do,
For by god and by saint Mighell
I thinke so on the damosell
I had muche leuer than I can tell
That I might winne hir to:
His brother said this is nought
Of my horse I haue more thought
By Jesu that mee deere bought
Howe we maie winne him to.
Yet lie still brother I the praie
For come there what come maie
At the doze I will all aie
If it will vndoe,
This one clarke to the doze can fare
She said Jankin be ye there
Ye forsothe he did answere
And in there did he go,
Against a fourme he hurte his shin
Or he might to the bedde win
Therfore the clarke was wo.
Jankin she said for Mary dere
Why do ye make such cheere
Your way shoulde you better leere
So oft as you come heere
At that worde the clarke loughe
And by the voice to her he drough
Of her he had his will ynough
And plaide them togyther,
When the clarke had done his will
By the damosell he lay full stil
And belyue she said

Now

How two clarkes came thyther,
Upon the monday at morne
And brought with them a met of of corne
On a horse them before
And both they were full lither.
For the one clarke stode at the spoute
There as the meale shoulde come out
That other went euer aboute
And let vs of our play,
My father did see it might be none other
He rowned vnto my brother
And bade it shoulde be none other
But lede their horse away.
My litell brother blinned nought
Ere their horse was home brought
Like two fooles they haue him sought
All this longe daie,
As we at our supper sate
That one clarke nice countenaunce made
And priuelie on my foote he trade
But euer I tourned a waie.
Upon the poke he set the seale
For my father shoulde none stcale
yet we had of their meale
And of their whitest floure,
For nothinge wolde he let
On a shete we it set
And with two staues it bet
As longe as we might doure.
And into our backhouse their horse is brought
Therof wotte the clerkes nought

The clarke laught and made good cheere
Whan he of that myght heare
That was well done my derling deere,
By God my saviour:
Both together a sleepe they fell,
Of the other clarke I wyll you tell
And of the Milners wife howe it befell
A whyle if you will abide,
All waking styl he laye
And in his heart he thought aye
My fe lowe hath a merie plaie
In this euen tide.
The Mylners wife did rise water to make
Stilly for the milner should not wake
The right way againe could she not take,
For the house was so wide.
But a childe in a cradell laie
At the beddes feete as I you saie
Thereby she knew the right waye
Unto hir beddes side,
The clarke laie and harde ylke dele
And of the cradell he wyst well
And if thou rise by saint Michaell
The cradell shal a waie:
Againe he rose or she did sleepe
The clarke therof tooke good keepe
Out of his bedde soone he can creepe
As fast as euer he maie,
For nothing woulde he let
The cradell away he fet
At his beddes side he it set,
For sothe as I you saye,

The good wife came anone
And tyll her husbande can she gone
But cradell founde she there none,
Shee did seeke full fast alwaie.
All about she groped fast
The cradell founde shee at the last
The Milner did sleepe full fast
And wist not of this warke,
By the cradell that she there fande,
She had went it had bene hir husbande
She lyft vp the clothes with her hande
And laide her downe by the clarke,
Thus that one clarke laye by the wife
That other by the daughter by my life
Had the milner wist there had ben strife
For that nights warke,
That one clarke waked and he dyd say
That by the Milners daughter lay
I must to a faire gone or it be day,
And on he did his sarke.
Now I pray you my hinde Lẽman free
A gowne cloath then buie you mee
And I sweare so mote I thee,
I wyll paye therefore:
By Jesu he saide my sweeting
I haue but three shylling
That is but a lyttle thing
But if I had more,
Thus the clarke he made it towe
The Damsell her forcer to her drawe
By God ye shall haue inowe
For to paie therefore.

The key by the cofer did hange
For the she brewe thirty shillinge
For clothe euery farthinge
And neither lesse nor moze.
The thirtie shillinge she gan him take
This made I sir for your sake
Take it nowe with you all,
Nowe haue good day mine owne swetinge
For longe or any day dothe springe
The cocke full merelie his note will singe
And my maister will mee call
Full merie chere the clarke can make
With thirty shillinge and his cake
The righte waie can he take
Downe by the wall,
Till he came at his brothers bedde
Than from the cradell away he yedde
And anone away he fledde
On the further side of the hall:
Of his silver he toke good keepe
Downe by the milner can he creepe
And wakened him out of his sleepe
And said wilte thou heare a good game,
For I haue had a merie night
With the milners daughter bright
Wee liketh wel by gods might
That we wende not home,
For I haue thirty shillinge and a cake
That the false theefe fro our cozne did take
With that the milner did wake
By god and by saint Jhon,

And also she hath mee tolde
Howe he hath our horse in holde
In his backhouse he hath him bolde
I praie god giue him shame
The milner starte vp redely
Thou liest he said with great enuy
And that shalte thou full dere abye
Therfe what hast thou done,
He sterte vp in a great teene
And stoute strokes was them betweene
The milner was the more keene
And gate the clarke downe.
His wife waked anone right
Out sir she said the clerkes do fight
The one will slee the other to night
But if you parte them soone.
The clarke wakened and had great wonder
But he durste them not sunder
Full well he sawe his felowe vnder
By the light of the moone.
The milners wife hent a staffe tite
Sir she said who shall I smite
Dame sayde the clarke, him in the white
Hit him if thou maie,
The milner befel a foule happe
He had on his night cappe
His wife lent him suche a rappe
That stil on grounde he laie.
Thus the milners heed was broken
The backhouse faste was broken
Beleeue mee the clarkes braste it open
And in than went they.

The meale on the horse they caste
And awaye they hyed them faste
With all their things home they paste
Long or any day.
Forth they went by Moone light,
To Abington they came right
Before it was day light
Home vnto their Dame,
Than was her heart full light
Whan she sawe her sonne in sight
She thanked God with all her might
That they were comen home,
All their meale and thirtie shylling
They gaue their mother without leasing
And fence they tolde her of that thing
They let for no blame,
Their mother saide if ye doo right
Keepe ye well out of his sight
For if he may get you by goddes might
He wyll doo you shame.
Of that siluer the clarkes were faine
The one clarke hied with all his maine
And ledde their horse home againe
Uppon the same morne,
The mother them a Capon slew
And of the cake they eate inowe
And soone to Cambridge they drew,
There as they were beforne.
Twentie shylling with them they bare
Unto the schole gan they fare
The Mylner gate of them no mare,
If he had it sworne.

When

Whan they were gone these scollers bothe
I tell you plaine this milner was lothe
And to his bedde againe he gothe
For he was full of paine,
His wife before had giuen him
Vengeable strypes by swete saint Sim
She had almoste broken bothe lithe and lim
Of the Milner I tell you plaine.
And so the milner and his wife
For this foliche deede they had great strife
All the daies of their life
That he had ben so mad,
And the daughter that was yonge
Did often singe a sory songe
And wished for the clarke that was so longe
With her gowne clothe to make her glad.
And also for his mery play
She longed for him full sore in fay
That he should come againe that waie
Though she should neuer the clothe see,
The wenche she was full proper and nyce
Amonge all other she bare great prise
For she coude tricke it point deuice
But fewe like her in that countree.
At the laste the milner bnrewe
That had ben beaten bothe blacke and blewe
His owne deede he gan to rewe
And though he had ben false,
For many a trewer than he
Was iudged without pite
Vpon a dreadfull gallowe tree
To be hanged by the halse

But sore sicke in his bedde
All his life he ledde
That he was faine to be fedde
Of his wife withouten mis
Thus with shorte conclusion
This milner through his abusion
Was brought to confusion
For all his falsehed iwis
And ended his life full wretchedly
In paine, care, and misery
Wherfore he did beare an horne
For steeling of meale this onlie
His wife and his doughter were laine by
Of two poore scolers full merely
That oft did laugh him to scorne
In pacience he must take it al
In chamber, in bowre, and eke in hall
What so euer the folke than did him call
Contented muste he be:
Thus endeth this mery iest iwis
And Christ that is kinge of eternall blis
Bringe vs all there whan his will is,
Amen for charite.

FINIS.

A mery geſt, howe a Sergeaunt woulde learne to be a Friar.

by Sir Tho. More

WIſe men alway, affirme and ſaye,
the beſt is for eche man.
Diligently, for to apply,
ſuch buſines as he can.
And in no wiſe, to enterpriſe,
another faculte:
For he that will, and can no ſkill,
is neuer like to thee.
He that hath left, the hoſiers craft,
and fall to makinge ſhone.
The ſmith that ſhall, to painting fall,
his thrifte is well nigh done.
A blacke draper, with white paper,
to go to writing ſcole.
An olde butteler, become a cutteler,
I wene ſhall proue a fole.
An olde trotte, that can (God wotte,)
nothinge but kis the cup.
With hir phiſnke, will keepe one ſicke,
till ſhe haue ſowſed him vp.
A man of lawe, that neuer ſawe,
the waies to bate and ſell.
Meninge to ariſe, by marchaundyſe,
I praye God ſpeede him well.
A marchaunt eke, that will go ſeke,
all the meanes he may.

To fall in sute, tyll he dispute,
his money cleane away.
Pleading the lawe, for euery strawe,
shall proue a thriftie man.
With bate and strife, but by my life,
I can nat tell you whan
Whan an hatter, will go smatter,
in phylosophie.
Or a pedler, waxe a medlar,
in theologye.
All that ensewe, suche craftes newe,
they driue so farre a cast.
That euermore, they do therefore,
beshrewe themselfe at last.
This thinge was tried, and verefied,
here by a sergeaunt late.
That rufully was, or he coulde pas,
rapped about the pate.
While that he woulde, see how he could,
in Gods name plaie the friar.
Now if ye wyl, know how it fyl,
take heede and ye shall heare.
It happed so, not long agoe,
a thriftie man there dide.
An hundred pound, of nobles round,
than had he laide a side.
His sonne he would, should haue this gold
for to beginne withall.
But to suffise, his child wel thryues,
that money were to small.
yet or this day, I haue herde say,
that many a man certesse.

Hath with good cast, be ritche at the last,
that begonne with lesse.
But this yong man so wel he can,
his money to implore.
That certainly, his polecie,
to see it was a ioye.
For least some blast might ouercast,
his shippe or by mischaunce.
Wen with some wyle, might him beguile,
and minishe his substaunce.
For to put out, al maner dout,
he made a good puruaie.
For euery whit, by his owne wit,
and tooke another waie.
First faire and wele, a pretie deale,
he hyd it in a potte.
But than him thought, that way was nought
and there he left it not.
So was he faine, from thence againe,
to put it in a cuppe.
And by and by, as couetously,
he supped it faire vppe.
In his owne brest he thought it best,
his money to inclose.
Then wyst he well, what euer fell,
he coulde it neuer lose.
He borrowed than, of another man,
money and marchaundice:
Neuer paide it, vp he laide it,
in lyke maner wyse.
Yet on the geare, that he would weare,
he raught not what he spent:

So it were nice, as for the price.
coulde him not mysconten.
With lustie sporte, and with resorte,
of holy company.
In mirth and plaie, spe[illegible]y a daie,
he liued merily.
And men had sworne, some man is borne,
to dignite and powre.
And so was he, for suche degree;
he gate and suche honowre,
That without doubte, whan he went out,
a sergeaunt well and faire.
Was readie straight, on him to waight,
as sone as on the maire,
But he doutlesse, of his meekenes,
hated suche poompe and pride.
And would not go, accompanied so,
but drewe himselfe aside.
To saint Katherine, straight as a line,
he gate him at a tide
For promotion, or deuotion,
there would heneedes bide.
There spent he fast, tyll all was past,
and to him came there manie.
To aske their dette, but none coulde gette,
the valour of a penie.
With visage stoute, he bare it out,
vnto the harde hedge,
Amoneth or twaine till he was faine,
to lay his gowne to pledge.
Than was he there, in greater feare,
than or that he came thither.

And

And would as faine, depart againe,
but that he wist not whither.
Than after this, to a frende of his,
he went and ther[illegible]e.
Where as he laie, [illegible]lwaie,
he might not come [illegible]de.
It happed than, a marchaunt man
that he ought money to,
Of an officer, that gan enquire,
what him was best to do.
And he aunswerd, be not a ferde,
take an action therfore,
I you behest, I shall him rest,
and than care for no more.
I feare quod he, it will not be,
for he will not come out.
The sergeaunt said, be not afraide,
it shall be brought about,
In many a game, like to the same,
haue I bene well in vre,
And for your sake, let mee be bake,
but if I do this cure.
Thus parte they bothe, and to him goth,
a pace this officer,
And for a daie, all his araie,
he chaunged with a frier.
So was he dight, that no man might,
him for a frier denie.
He dopped and bonked, he spake and loked,
so religiously.
Yet in a glasse, or he would passe,
he toted and he pored.

His

His heart for pride, lept in his side,
to see howe well he fryzed.
Then forth a pace, vnto the place,
he goeth in Gods name:
To doo this deede, but I bidde take heede,
for heere beginneth the game.
He drew him nie, and then softlie,
at the doore he knocked.
A Damsell, that heard him wel,
there came and it vnlocked.
The Fryar sayd, God speede fayre mayde,
heere lodgeth such a man:
It is tolde mee, well sir quoth she,
and if he do what than?
Quod he, maistresse, no harme doutlesse,
it longeth for our order.
To hurt no man, but as we can,
euery wyght to forder.
With him truely, faine speake would I,
syr quod she, by my faye:
He is so sicke, yee be not lyke,
to speake with him to daye.
Quod he fayre maye, yet I you pray,
thus much at my desyer:
Vouchsafe to doo, as goe him too,
and saye an Austen Fryar,
Woulde with him speake, a maters breake,
for his auayle certaine.
Quod shee I wyl, stand ye heere styll,
tyll I come downe againe.
Vppe is shee goe, and tolde him so:
as shee was bode to saye.

Be mistrustinge, no maner thinge,
said mayden go thy waie.
And fetche him hither, that we to gither:
may talke a downe she goth.
And by him brought no harme she thought,
but it made some folke wroth.
But this officer, this fained frier,
whan he was come a lofte,
He dopped than, and greet this man,
religiously and ofte.
And he againe, right glad and faine,
tooke him thereby the hande:
The friere than said, ye be dismaide.
with trouble I vnderstande.
In deede quod he, it hath with me,
bene better than it is.
Sir quod the frier, bee of good chere,
ye shall yet after this.
For christes sake, loke that ye take,
no thought into your brest,
God maie tourne all, and so he shall,
I trust vnto the best.
But I woulde nowe, comyn with you,
in counsaile if you please,
Or elles not, of maters that,
shall set your heart at ease.
Downe went the maide, the marchaunt said
nowe saye on gentill frier,
Of this tidinge, that ye me bringe,
I long full sore to heare.
Whan there was none, but they alone,
the frier with euell grace

Said I rest thee, come on with mee,
and out he toke his mace:
Thou shalte obey, come on thy way,
I haue thee in my clouche,
Thou goest not hence, for all the pence,
the mayre hath in his pouche.
This marchaunt there, for wrath and feare,
waringe well nighe wood:
Saide horeson thefe, with a verie mischefe,
who hath taught thee thy good?
And with his fist, vpon the fist,
he gaue him suche a blowe,
That backewarde downe, almoste in swoune,
the frier is ouerthrowe.
Yet was this man, well fearder than,
lest he the frier had slaine:
Till with good rappes, and heuy clappes,
he dawed him vp againe.
The frier toke heart, and vp he starte,
and well he laide aboute,
And so there gothe, betwene them bothe,
many a lusty cloute.
They rent and tere, eche other heer,
and claue togider fast:
Till with luggynge, halinge and tuggynge,
they fell downe bothe at last.
Than on the grounde, to gether rounde,
with many a heuy stroke:
They roule and romble, they turne and tumble,
lyke pygges do in a poke.
So long aboue, they braue and shoue,
together that at the last,

The maide and the wife, to breake the strife,
hied them vpwarde fast.
And whan they see, the captaines lye,
waltringe in the place,
The friers hood, they pulled a good,
a downe about his face.
While he was blinde, the wenche behinde,
lent him on the skoze.
Many a iole, about the nole,
with a great battill doze.
The wife came to it, and with her feete,
she holpe to kepe him downe:
And with her rocke, many a knocke,
she gaue him on the crowne.
They laide his mace, about his face,
that he was wode for paine,
The frier frap, gate many a swap,
till he was well nighe slaine.
Up they him lifte, and with cuell thrifte,
hedlong all the staire:
Downe they him threwe, and said adewe,
recommaunde vs to the mayre.
The frier arose, but I suppose,
amased was his heade:
He shoke his heres, and from great feres,
he thought him well a sledde.
Quod he nowe lost is all this cost,
we be neuer the nere:
Ill mot he thee, that caused mee,
to make my selfe a frier.
Nowe maisters all, an ende I shall,
make there as I began.

Of a Sergeaunt, that

In any wise, I wolde auyse,
and councell euery man.
His owne crafte vse, all newe refuse,
and vtterlye let them gone.
Playe not the frier, now make good cheere,
and welcome euerychone.

FINIS.